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*Rev. J. Noble  
with W.S.C.'s  
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## Hymns for the Week,

AND

## Hymns for the Seasons.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN.

THE DAY IS THINE AND THE NIGHT IS THINE:

THOU HAST PREPARED THE LIGHT AND THE SUN.

THOU HAST SET ALL THE BORDERS OF THE EARTH:

THOU HAST MADE SUMMER AND WINTER.

*Psalm lxxiv. 17, 18.*



LONDON,

W. J. CLEAVER, BAKER STREET, PORTMAN SQ.;

AND

JOHN HENRY PARKER, 377, STRAND;

AND BROAD STREET, OXFORD.

M DCCC XLVIII.

BV468  
C6

SATHER

Rich

## Preface.

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THE following Hymns, with the exception of the "Veni, Sancte Spiritus," for Whitsunday ; and the "Ave, plena gratiâ," for the Feast of the Purification, which are respectively from the Roman and the Paris Missals, and a few additional verses of the Hymn "Jesu dulcis memoria," are attempts at translation from the Hymns of the Breviary.

These, most of them handed down from the earliest ages of the Church, are not, it is well known, among the things which it was desired at the time of the Reformation to reject. The retention of the "Veni Creator" is itself an indication to the contrary. Nor is it easy or charitable to believe, that such as are here ventured upon, are, in substance at least, what our present authorities knowingly proscribe, or earnest and loving members of the Church

of England deliberately or consciously repudiate. Rather should we trust that there is that spirit amongst us which may discover and appreciate the characteristics which distinguish the ancient from all modern Hymns, and which will be more or less discernible through the poorest translation, their dogmatic precision, their reverential fervour, and sympathetic tenderness.

Thus, however these specimens may have lost in transfusion the severe simplicity of expression and divine depth of meaning of the original, they may at least help in their little measure to induce Catholic hearts amongst us to recognize a common faith, to realize a common hope, and cherish a common charity with those who still retain them, though not in the language of the people.

There are matters of faith and worship and practice in which want of sympathy with the great body of Western Christendom is simply suicidal to ourselves. There must be a point, however difficult in this or that particular case



to define, at which prejudice ceases to be right. The mere words "Missal" and "Breviary," and the technical names of the primitive Canonical Hours, Matins, Lauds, Prime, Terce, &c., need do violence to no reasonable prejudice, nor offend any honest and good heart. When Nathanael's strong prejudice made him say, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" his honest and good heart led him to "come and see." Any how it cannot be wrong to hope that many are living in the spirit of that prayer, which, doubtless for some good end, has been so often of late put into our mouths, that, "our only Saviour, the Prince of peace, would take away from us all hatred and prejudice, and whatsoever else may hinder us from godly union and concord"—not only amongst ourselves, but with the rest of Christendom.

Such surely is the spirit in which He would have us live, Whose solemn charge to His disciples was that they should love one another; Whose solemn prayer for all who should be-

lieve on Him was that they all might be *One*: and such, we may be thankful to reflect, is the temper most fully and entirely in accordance with that prayer which we use continually at His Altar, "that all they that do confess His Holy Name, may agree in the truth of His Holy Word, and live in unity and godly love."

*Tu autem, Domine, exurgens misereberis Sion, quia tempus miserendi ejus, quia venit tempus.*

*Quoniam placuerunt servis Tuis lapides ejus, et pulveris ejus miserebuntur.*

ADVENT. 1847.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

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A FEW remarks are here prefixed to an index of names and dates, on a subject of great interest, but involved in great obscurity, the age and probable authors of the old Catholic Hymns.

A list prefixed to the "*Hymni Ecclesiæ*," extracted from the Roman, Salisbury, and York Breviaries, and other sources, and published at Oxford in the year 1838, has the names of the reputed authors of some of the Hymns affixed to them.

Of these, thirty bear the name of St. Ambrose, five or six of them with a ?;—eight, the name of Prudentius, to which three or four others might be added;—seven are connected with the name of St. Gregory the Great. The name of St. Hilary occurs once, of Sedulius once, of St. Bernard once, of Sylvius once. Two Hymns are attributed to Elpis, wife of Boethius, two to

Fortunatus:—Paul the Deacon, so called, appears as the author of the Hymn for St. John the Baptist's Day, St. Thomas Aquinas of those for the Feast of Corpus Christi; and one, "Pater superni luminis," is by Bellarmine.

This list, from whatever source derived, agrees in the main with others which have been consulted; and the result of the investigation is this, that out of a collection of somewhat fewer than 150 Hymns, scarcely more than one third bear any name at all, nearly two thirds are wholly unauthenticated.

Most touchingly true then is it of "such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing," men famous in their generations, "some there are which have left a name behind them, and some have no memorial."

But of those which have left a name, whose praise is greatest in the Church, St. Ambrose and St. Gregory the Great, there is a difficulty, amounting in the greater number of cases to an impossibility, in ascertaining, and even in conjecturing, what may be safely connected with their

respective names. As we have in the terms "Ambrosian" and "Gregorian Chant" an indication of the "musical tunes," which they respectively gave or preserved to us, so have we the term Ambrosian or Gregorian sometimes applied to Hymns also, "verses which they recited in writing." Yet, as we know but imperfectly what they contributed to the music, so are we very imperfectly acquainted with what they contributed to the poetry of the Church.

And so doubtless, greatly as, under God, we are indebted to them, would these great Saints be content we should regard themselves, and the nameless authors who entered into their labours, as only so many single and hidden strings, which vibrated here and there through the unbroken Church, when the Sun of Righteousness awakened all its latent harmonies ; when the fervour of primitive devotion found its vent and expression in the continual chanting of the Psalms, and undivided Catholic Christendom, in its unity and sanctity, reflected Christ's image as the Light of the world, shining with His lustre,

and throwing off as it were from the hearts and tongues of its Saints, its Hymns, and Collects, with the wholeness and brilliancy of sparks from a luminous body.

If St. Ambrose, as we know, was the father of this species of devotion, and the author of some of the earliest Hymns extant, no wonder that Hymn-writers should catch his spirit, and imitate his style, and be lost in the course of time in his greater name, and that Hymns, not known to be his, should go at length under the common term of Ambrosian. Such, in fact, is the case. And what is true of St. Ambrose, is true in a less degree of St. Gregory also. "Ambrosianus est," "Gregorianus est," is said of many an hymn, of which no more can be affirmed than that it is like St. Ambrose's, or like St. Gregory's.

The term "Ambrosian" is used by St. Benedict, in his "Rule," (A.D. 540,) in which he directs "*deinde sequatur Ambrosianum,*" that the Ambrosian shall be sung or chanted at the several hours. To this word "*Ambrosianum,*" the commentators from the first, have supplied

the word “carmen,” and have understood it to mean the Hymns, either composed by St. Ambrose himself, or by others in imitation of him.

The impossibility of distinguishing between these has led the Benedictine editors to adopt a very rigid and exclusive exactness in settling what are to be considered the genuine Hymns of St. Ambrose. Of upwards of thirty Hymns called Ambrosian, they admit only twelve.

1. *Æterne rerum Conditor.*
2. *Deus Creator omnium.*
3. *Jam surgit hora tertia.*
4. *Veni, Redemptor gentium.*
5. *Illuminans Altissimus.*
6. *Orabo mente Dominum.*
7. *Splendor Paternæ gloriæ.*
8. *Æterna Christi munera.*
9. *Somno reffectis artubus.*
10. *Consors Paterni luminis.*
11. *O Lux Beata Trinitas.*
12. *Fit porta Christi pervia.*

Of these twelve six only, the 1st, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, are found in the present Roman Breviary.

And it is observable that of these six, five are amongst the Hymns for the Days and Hours ; whereas this severe and exact criticism separates off under the wider sense of the term “ Ambrosian,” all the other Hymns for the Days and Hours, the Hymns, e. g. from Prime to Compline, which seem like the work of one and the same hand, and (what we should especially love to connect with the author of the Hexameron) the Vesper Hymns, on the Works of the Creation through the several days of the week.

With regard indeed to these last there is a difficulty, that whereas the Hymn “ *O Lux Beata Trinitas*” for Saturday is an admitted Hymn of St. Ambrose, the Hymn for Sunday, “ *Lucis Creator Optime*,” is generally assigned to St. Gregory. If it be rightly so assigned, it would seem to determine the other Vesper Hymns to Friday inclusive, to be rather Gregorian than Ambrosian, for it would be hard to conceive them to be from more than one hand. However, those who have not ventured amidst much doubt and diversity of judgment to attri-



bute the Hymns called Ambrosian to St. Ambrose himself, have been led by their great simplicity and likeness of spirit to assign them to his age, at latest to the age next succeeding: and this perhaps is nearest to the truth. They are left in the list with his name. But if on comparing them with the Hymns which are marked in the list with an asterisk, and which are authenticated as his, they shall seem less severe and majestic, they are the works doubtless of one or more not without his simplicity and tenderness, not far removed from him either in age or spirit,—of more or less conscious disciples.

The Hymns attributed, but without remark or apparent investigation, by the Benedictine Editors to St. Gregory,—“Hymni a beato Gregorio conscripti,” (itself an equivocal term,) are eight in number.

1. *Primo dierum omnium.*
2. *Nocte surgentes.*
3. *Ecce jam noctis.*
4. *Lucis Creator optime.*
5. *Clarum decus jejunii.*

6. *Audi benigne Conditor.*

7. *Magno salutis gaudio.*

8. *Rex Christe Factor omnium.*

Of these the 7th seems an abridged imitation of a Greek Hymn, which is printed in Daniel's *Thesaurus Hymnologicus*. (tom. iii. p. 32.) *Εἰς τὴν βαῖνάντησιν τοῦ Κυρίου* and beginning, *Ἀγίης πρὸ ἐξ ἑορτῆς*.

It consists, as it occurs in the Benedictine edition of St. Gregory, of seven stanzas only. Daniel has given it (tom. i. p. 179) more at length: as he has, on the authority of Thomasius, the "*Orabo mente Dominum*," (p. 23,) and the "*Fit porta Christi pervia*" (p. 21) of St. Ambrose, which the Benedictines do not seem to have known to be only extracts from two longer Hymns, "*Bis ternas*," and "*A solis ortûs*."

The remaining Hymns, thus authenticated, of St. Ambrose and St. Gregory, will be found translated in the appendix. Three of these, the "*Deus Creator omnium*," and the "*Veni Redemptor gentium*" of St. Ambrose, and the "*Clarum decus jejunii*" of St. Gregory, are

omitted in the Roman but found in the Sarum Breviary, the source of our own Prayer-book. They are the more gladly here inserted, together with four Compline Hymns from the same source, which there vary with the Seasons; the Hymns both for the Week and the Seasons being generally common to both.

Of the Hymns which bear the name of Prudentius no more need be said than that they are extracts from the longer Hymns generally known as his and printed in his works.

Of the other ancient authors and their works not enough is recorded to allow of much remark or conjecture here.

It only remains to state that the translation has been made from the Hymns as they at present stand revised, the translator having been unacquainted with the variations till lately. The hand of a reviser has, no doubt, assimilated Hymns in themselves widely differing: e. g. the Hymns for the Nativity, which, as they appear at present, might seem to be the work of the same hand. And what a reviser has assimilated, the translator is likely to assimilate still

more. He cannot help seeing with his own eyes, and is unhappily apt to colour what he sees with hues from his own mind, and when he sees dimly and at a distance, confuses partly from the haze of the distance at which he sees them, and partly from the imperfection of his own vision, objects in themselves wholly distinct. This the present translator feels strongly may have been his own case: he may have connected first in thought and then in translation things widely different, and have involuntarily blended characteristics which others may detect and separate. It is but little he has done towards shewing either what the Hymns really are, or who might be their authors; he fears to think how he may have obscured both. He will be content should he have given any the slightest idea of them, to those to whom the originals are not accessible, and if he has not tainted and tarnished in touching them, is thankful for the relief the work has afforded amid many sorrows and anxieties.

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# Hymns for the Week.

*Psalm lxxiv. 16.*

THE DAY IS THINE, AND THE NIGHT IS THINE:  
THOU HAST PREPARED THE LIGHT AND THE SUN.





## Hymns for the Week.

---

### Sunday.

AT MATINS.

After Midnight.

In Winter.

*Primo die quo Trinitas.*

THIS glorious morn, time's eldest-born,  
When God Triune the world did frame,  
When from the grave, uprisen to save,  
Our Maker and Redeemer came,

From every eye let slumber fly,  
Let all before the dawn arise,  
And seek by night th' Eternal Light,  
As bids the Prophet, timely wise.

So may He hear our matins clear,  
And His Right Hand stretch forth to save,  
And cleans'd from stain of earth, again  
Restore us to the Heaven He gave.

So, as we pour, at holiest hour  
Of this His Day, our anthems sweet,  
And, while men sleep, our vigils keep,  
Our God may us with blessings meet.

Father of might, enthron'd in light,  
Thee with o'erflowing lips we pray,  
Oh, quench the fire of low desire,  
Each deed of ill drive far away.

Be chaste and pure, from fall secure,  
The fabric of our mortal frame,  
Nor kindling lust make this frail dust  
Meet fuel for a fiercer flame.



Saviour of all, on Thee we call,  
Oh, wash away our deep disgrace,  
And thus Thine own All-bounteous crown  
With never-ending life and peace.

This, Father, grant to our sore want,  
And Thou, Alone-Coequal Son,  
And Spirit Blest, with Both confest,  
Who reign'st Eternal Three in One.

## AT MATINS.

## In Summer.

*Nocte surgentes vigilemus omnes.*

RISING at midnight, one and all awaking,  
Chant we in ceaseless round our matins sweet,  
And to the Lord melodious music making,  
In tuneful quire our twilight hymns repeat.

So to our gracious King in concert singing,  
We with His Saints may all our powers employ,  
E'en to Heaven's palace-court our spirits winging,  
Till they be tun'd to taste that endless joy.

Be this by Thy Thrice-Holy Godhead granted,  
Father, and Son, and Spirit, ever Blest,  
Whose glory by the firmament is chanted,  
Whose Name by all the universe confest.

AT LAUDS.  
Cock=crowing.  
En Winter.

*Æterne rerum Conditor.*

MAKER of all, Eternal King,  
Who day and night about dost bring,  
Who, weary mortals to relieve,  
Dost in their times the seasons give ;

To darkling travellers guiding Light,  
Who mark'st the watches night by night ;  
Now the shrill cock proclaims the day,  
And calls the sun's awakening ray ;

Rous'd at the note, the morning star  
Heaven's dusky veil uplifts afar ;  
Night's vagrant bands no longer roam,  
But from their dark ways hie them home.

Now the cheer'd sailor's fears are o'er,  
Now the still'd waters rage no more.  
Lo, e'en the very Church's Rock  
Melts at the crowing of the cock.

Oh, let us then like men arise ;  
The cock rebukes our slumbering eyes ;  
Bestirs, who still in sleep would lie,  
And shames, who would their Lord deny ;

Revives once more hope's fading fires,  
Through the sick frame new health inspires,  
Sheathes the wild robber's weapon dark,  
Lights in the fall'n faith's dying spark.

Look on us, Jesu, as we fall,  
And with that look our souls recall ;  
If Thou but look, our stains are gone,  
And with due tears our pardon won.

Shed through our hearts Thy piercing ray,  
Our souls' dull slumber drive away ;  
Thy Name be first on every tongue,  
To Thee our earliest praises sung.

To God the Father in the height,  
And to the Son, True Light of Light,  
And Holy Ghost all glory be  
Now, and through all eternity.

## AT LAUDS.

## En Summer.

*Ecce jam noctis tenuatur umbra.*

Lo, now the melting shades of night are ending,  
Flickers the golden gleam of dawning day,  
Let us, before the Lord of Lords low bending,  
With lifted voice of supplication pray,

That He would of the clouds of guilt relieve us,  
With healing wing make all our throbbings cease,  
And of His pitying love and mercy give us  
The blessed boon of everlasting peace.

Be this by Thy Thrice-Holy Godhead granted,  
Father, and Son, and Spirit, ever Blest,  
Whose glory by the firmament is chanted,  
Whose Name by all the universe confest.

and through the week.

AT PRIME.

Sunrise.

*Jam lucis orto sidere.*

Now day's bright star is risen afar,  
To God we meekly pray,  
With sheltering arm from every harm  
To keep us through this day ;

Our tongue to rein and aye refrain  
From strife's harsh-grating din ;  
Our eyes to shield, all closely seal'd,  
From vanity and sin.

Be the heart's shrine all pure within,  
Nor folly e'er come near ;  
Let cup subdued and scanty food  
The rebel flesh outwear.

So when the day has pass'd away,  
And eve the night shall bring,  
From this world wean'd, from mischief screen'd,  
We may God's glory sing.

Father, to Thee all glory be,  
And Thee, Co-equal Son,  
And Spirit Blest with Both confest,  
Eternal Three in One.



and through the week.

AT TIERCE.

Nine o'Clock.

*Nunc Sancte nobis Spiritus.*

HOLY Spirit, ever One  
With the Father and the Son,  
Deign within our bosoms' cell  
In Thy flood of light to dwell.

So shall tongue, heart, soul, and might  
In one thrill of praise unite,  
So shall love in flames burst out,  
Kindling hearts all round about.

Gracious Father, grant this boon,  
Grant it, Sole Co-equal Son,  
With the Spirit thron'd on high,  
God through all eternity.

and through the week.

AT SEXT.

Twelve o'Clock.

*Rector potens, verax Deus.*

God of might, in truth and power  
Ordering every changing hour,  
Lighting up morn's golden gleam,  
Kindling noon-day's fiery beam ;

Quench the flames of strife this day,  
Drive each noisome blast away,  
Grant our bodies health and ease,  
Keep our hearts in perfect peace.

Gracious Father, grant this boon,  
Grant it, Sole Co-equal Son,  
With the Spirit thron'd on high,  
God through all eternity.

and through the week.

AT NONES.

Three o'Clock.

*Rerum Deus tenax vigor.*

God, of all the Strength and Stay,  
Who, unmov'd, dost motion sway,  
Dost the day-light hours divide,  
And in due succession guide ;

Give at eve Thy sunshine bright,  
Shed o'er death Thine holy light ;  
So our day may ne'er go down,  
So our life may glory crown.

Gracious Father, grant this boon,  
Grant it, Sole Co-equal Son,  
With the Spirit thron'd on high,  
God through all eternity.

## AT VESPERS.

## Sunset.

*Lucis Creator optime.*

BLEST Maker of the light,  
Who gav'st the days their birth,  
Who with a burst of glory bright  
Didst call creation forth ;

Who morn to eve didst join,  
And bidst us call them "Day ;"  
Now dismal chaos lowers again,  
To Thee we weep and pray.

Let not the burthen'd soul,  
In folds of sin self-wound,  
Self-blinded to the heavenly goal,  
An outcast dark be found.

Oh, let us sin no more,  
But cleanse each deadly stain,  
And stand and knock at Heaven's high door,  
Till life's bright crown we gain.

This grant us, Father kind,  
And Thou, Co-equal Son,  
And Holy Ghost, with Both enshrin'd,  
Eternal Three in One.

and through the week.

AT COMPLINE.

The Close of the Day.

*Te lucis ante terminum.*

THEE, before the close of day,  
Maker of the world, we pray,  
Of Thy pitying love to keep,  
And protect us while we sleep.

Far let night's dark phantoms fly,  
Let no haunting dream come nigh ;  
Keep us ever chaste and pure,  
From our midnight foe secure.

Gracious Father, grant this boon,  
Grant it, Sole Co-equal Son,  
With the Spirit thron'd on high  
God through all eternity.

## Monday.

AT MATINS.

*Somno refectis artubus.*

OUR limbs refresht with healthful rest,  
Forth from our bed we spring ;  
Father, be nigh, behold from high,  
And hearken, while we sing.

By every tongue Thou first be sung,  
Each heart first mount to Thee ;  
So of each deed that shall succeed,  
Thou, Lord, the Spring shalt be.

Let clouds take flight at dawning light,  
And night at rising day,  
And each dark thought the night hath brought  
At morning melt away.

All things of ill cut off and kill,  
Thy suppliants, Lord, implore,  
So we who raise this hymn of praise,  
May praise Thee evermore.

This, Father, grant to our sore want,  
And Thou, Co-equal Son,  
And Spirit Blest, with Both confest,  
Eternal Three in One.

## AT LAUDS.

*Splendor Paternæ gloriæ.*

FROM the Father's glory shining,  
Out of Light unfolding Light,  
Light of Light, all light enshrining,  
Day, in Whom the day is bright !



Sun of suns, upon us lighten  
With Thy pure perpetual gleam ;  
Fill our hearts, our senses brighten  
With Thy Spirit's hallowing beam.

Yea, the Father too implore we,  
Father of Almighty grace,  
Father of Immortal glory,  
To dispel all sinful trace ;

In each strong resolve to aid us,  
Back to turn the tempter's spite ;  
Through each rugged chance to speed us,  
All our acts to guide aright :

Our whole soul all heavenward bending,  
Rob'd in snow-white chastity,  
High in glowing faith ascending,  
From all taint of guile kept free.

Christ our Food, Himself bestowing,  
Faith our Cup, that cannot cloy,  
Of Thy Spirit's stream o'erflowing,  
Drink we draughts of sobering joy.

So our day serenely gliding,  
Modesty like peep of dawn,  
Faith shall be like noon abiding,  
O'er our eve no twilight drawn.

Morn rides forth, the light revealing ;—  
O'er us be Thy Brightness pour'd,  
Son, in Father's Fulness dwelling,  
Father in Co-equal Word !

To the Father lauds unending,  
To the Son and Spirit Blest,  
Still from aye to aye ascending,  
Be throughout all worlds addrest.

## AT VESPERS.

*Immense cœli Conditor.*

GOD of the boundless space,  
Who, lest the waters mixt  
In wild confusion run, didst place  
The bounding sky betwixt ;

Didst give heaven's rain his home,  
Earth's flowing streams their bed,  
Lest bursting flames the world consume,  
Moist cooling dews to shed ;

Most loving Lord, inspire  
Thy breath of heavenly grace,  
Lest with new blasts sin's ancient fire  
Our ruin'd souls deface.

Let Faith around her spread  
Her ever brightening ray,  
All vanities beneath her tread,  
All falsehood chase away.

This grant us, Father kind,  
And Thou, Co-equal Son,  
And Holy Ghost, with Both enshrin'd,  
Eternal Three in One.

## Tuesday.

AT MATINS.

*Consors Paterni luminis.*

Co-EQUAL in Thy Father's Light,  
Light of the light and day,  
Our midnight anthems break the night;  
Be with us while we pray.

Lift off the soul's o'erclouding veil;  
Bid hell's black legions fly;  
The spirit of deep sleep dispel,  
Lest we sleep on and die.

Lord, to us all this mercy grant,  
Who do on Thee believe,  
And pray Thee this our matin chant  
In mercy to receive.

Grant, Father ever good and kind,  
And Thou, Co-equal Son,  
And Holy Ghost, with Both enshrin'd,  
Eternal Three in One.

## AT LAUDS.

*Ales diei nuntius.*

THE cock's shrill horn proclaims the morn,  
And heralds forth the rising light :  
Christ's startling Eye, so keen and nigh,  
Wakes to new life the slumbering sprite.

“Take up,” He cries, “your bed and rise,  
“In palsied sleep no longer lie ;  
“With loins girt up and sober cup  
“Keep vigil. I the Lord am nigh.”

Yea Thee let all, Lord Jesu, call,  
With prayers and tears chaste vigil keep ;  
The prayer intent true hearts present  
Would have the spirit wake and weep.

Break Thou the spell, our eyes unseal,  
Thou, Jesu, burst the bonds of night,  
Spoil the strong hold of trespass old  
And fill us with Thine own new light.

Father, to Thee all glory be,  
And Thee, Alone Co-equal Son,  
And Spirit Blest, with Both confest ;  
Now, and while endless ages run.

## AT VESPERS.

*Telluris alme Conditor.*

CREATOR, great and good,  
Who broughtst the mountains forth,  
And rolling back th' o'erwhelming flood,  
Didst fix th' enthronèd earth,

Where rob'd in verdure meet,  
And crown'd with golden flowers,  
And teeming with her fruitage sweet,  
Delightsome food she showers ;

Cleanse with Thy freshening grace  
Our blighted spirit's sore ;  
Let her with tears the past efface,  
And learn to sin no more :



But hearkening to Thy voice,  
Escape each blasting breath,  
With goodness fill'd in life rejoice,  
Nor know the sting of death.

This grant us, Father kind,  
And Thou, Co-equal Son,  
And Holy Ghost, with Both enshrin'd,  
Eternal Three in One.

## Wednesday.

AT MATINS.

*Rerum Creator Optime.*

CREATOR, ever good and kind,  
Behold, Our God, and see ;  
Our souls, to quiet rest consign'd,  
From sin's black slumber free.

Thee, Holiest Jesu, Thee we pray,  
Our sins,—forgive them all,  
Who, rising to confess ere day,  
The lingering hours forestall.

By night our hands and hearts we raise,  
Taught by the Psalmist's word ;  
And emulate the midnight praise,  
By Paul and Silas pour'd.

Thou seest what evil we have done,  
Our hidden faults we shew :  
With prayers and tears our guilt we own,  
Oh, pardon all we owe.

This grant us, Father, ever kind,  
And Thou, Co-equal Son,  
And Holy Ghost, with Both enshrin'd,  
Eternal Three in One.

## AT LAUDS.

*Nox et tenebræ et nubila.*

NIGHT, and clouds in darkness sailing ;  
This world's chaos, wild and drear,—  
Light is entering ; Heaven unveiling ;  
Christ is coming ;—disappear.

Heaven's dark pall in sunder falleth,  
By the sun's bright arrow strook,  
Earth her thousand hues recalleth,  
At his all-enlightening look.

Thee, True Sun, alone adore we,  
Thee with pure and single heart,  
Thee with plaintive chant implore we,  
O'er our souls Thy flame to dart.

Many a spot, our bosoms staining,  
Must Thy Brightness cleanse away ;  
Oh, of Angels Light unwaning,  
Look on us, and make it day.

To the Father lauds unending,  
To the Son and Spirit Blest,  
Still from aye to aye ascending,  
Be throughout all worlds addrest.

## AT VESPERS.

*Cœli Deus Sanctissime.*

ALL-HOLY God on high,  
Who bath'st in fiery glow  
The glittering spaces of the sky,  
Heaven's ever-brilliant show :

Who on this day didst light  
The sun's red wheel of fire,  
And gav'st the moon her circuit bright,  
The stars their mazy quire ;

To set a severing bound  
Betwixt the light and dark,  
And as the circling months run round,  
Their rise and wane to mark.

Dispel the heart's drear night,  
Wash out the soul's dark stain,  
Throw off our trespass' whelming weight,  
Unloose guilt's wearying chain.

This grant us, Father kind,  
And Thou, Co-equal Son,  
And Holy Ghost, with Both enshrin'd,  
Eternal Three in One.

## Thursday.

AT MATINS.

*Nox atra rerum contegit.*

NIGHT shrouds beneath her sable vest

Earth's every varied hue :

To Thee in all our dyes confest,

Heart-searching Judge, we sue,

That Thou would'st our black guilt efface,

Our soul's foul stains disperse,

And grant us, Lord, Thy pardoning grace,

T'avert th' impending curse.

The soul, sin's hidden sting doth goad,

By palsied sloth opprest,

Yearneth her dark burthen to unload,

And find in Thee her rest.

Oh, for Thou canst, her bonds untie,  
Dispel her inward night ;  
So may she learn to bear Thine Eye,  
And glory in Thy Light.

This grant us, Father ever kind,  
And Thou, Co-equal Son,  
And Holy Ghost, with Both enshrin'd,  
Eternal Three in One.

## AT LAUDS.

*Lux ecce surgit aurea.*

Lo, the golden light is peering ;  
Let the dimness fleet away,  
Which so long hath kept us veering  
From the narrow path astray.



May the morn, sweet calmness breathing,  
Keep us, morn-like, chaste and pure,  
In our lips no falsehood sheathing,  
In our hearts no sin obscure.

So the day, all smoothly gliding,  
May preserve our tongue from guile,  
Eyes from wandering, feet from sliding,  
Hands from aught that can defile.

All day long an Eye is o'er us,  
Which our every secret knows,  
Sees our every step before us,  
From first morn till evening's close.

To the Father lauds unending,  
To the Son and Spirit Blest,  
Still from aye to aye ascending,  
Be throughout all worlds address.

## AT VESPERS.

*Magnæ Deus potentia.*

God, Who in wondrous might,  
The children of the deep,  
Some liftest to th' aerial height,  
Some in th' abyss dost keep,

Fish dost in Ocean sink,  
Fowls waft aloft to Heaven,  
To natures, whom one birth doth link,  
Hast diverse dwellings given.

Grant to Thy servants all,  
Sons of the Blood-red wave,  
To know no more sin's deadly fall,  
Nor shudder at the grave.

Be none by guilt weigh'd down,  
By pride borne up on high,  
Lest soul elate be headlong thrown,  
Or crush'd sink down and die.

This grant us, Father kind,  
And Thou, Co-equal Son,  
And Holy Ghost, with Both enshrin'd,  
Eternal Three in One.

## Friday.

AT MATINS.

*Tu Trinitatis Unitas.*

DREAD Unity in Trinity,  
Of all creation King,  
Accept the anthem loud and high,  
Thy creatures wake and sing.

Forth from our narrow couch we bound  
At quiet dead of night,  
To pray Thee o'er our every wound  
To pour Thy healing light.

So aught of ill at midnight hour  
The haunting fiends have wrought,  
In beam of Thy celestial power  
Shall melt away to nought.

So shall no spot our frame defile,  
Nor sloth our heart infest,  
Nor chilling sin's dull torpor spoil  
The sunshine of the breast.

Thee, Blest Redeemer, Thee we pray,  
Oh, fill us with Thy light,  
So shall we walk from day to day  
Unswerving in Thy sight.

This grant us, Father ever kind,  
And Thou, Co-equal Son,  
And Holy Ghost, with Both enshrin'd,  
Eternal Three in One.

## AT LAUDS.

*Æterna cæli gloria.*

GLORY of the Heavens Supernal,  
Blessed Hope of all on earth,  
Sole-Begotten of th' Eternal,  
Spotless Virgin's Virgin Birth !

Thy Right Hand to us extending,  
Lord, our soul in calmness raise,  
Till to God in hymns ascending,  
We be kindled all to praise.

Morning's star is risen and shining,  
Herald of day's glory bright,  
Night's dun shadows are declining ;  
Shed on us Thine holy Light ;

Light, that this world's night dispelling  
In our senses may abide,  
In our breasts for ever dwelling,  
Sanctified till glorified.

Deep through all our hearts entwined  
There be fix'd, nor ever move,  
Faith and Hope in gladness joinèd,  
With their heavenlier sister Love.

To the Father lauds unending,  
To the Son and Spirit Blest,  
Still from aye to aye ascending,  
Be throughout all worlds addrest.

## AT VESPERS.

*Hominis Superne Conditor.*

WHO madest man to live,—  
Who from their parent earth  
With All-creative might didst give  
Wild beast and reptile birth ;

Huge shapes of every hue,  
Alive at Thy command,  
All subject, in their seasons due,  
To Thy frail servant's hand ;

Subdue, Creator Blest,  
Whate'er wild lust impels,  
Or, made familiar, haunts the breast,  
Or through the actions steals.



Give us Thy crown of joy,  
Grant us Thy gifts of grace,  
The grating chains of strife destroy,  
And knit the bonds of peace.

This grant us, Father kind,  
And Thou, Co-equal Son,  
And Holy Ghost, with Both enshrin'd,  
Eternal Three in One.

## Saturday.

AT MATINS.

*Summæ Parens clementiæ.*

PARENTAL Source of Love Divine,  
Of all Creation Lord,  
In Substance One, in Persons Trine,  
God, evermore ador'd !

Of Thine all-pitying goodness hear  
The tearful chant we pour,  
That we, with hearts from sin made clear,  
May love Thee more and more.

Our loins and reins, their sickness deep  
Bathe in Thy cleansing fire ;  
And girded let us wake and weep,  
And cleanse each wrong desire.

So we who now in anthems break  
Our midnight hours of rest,  
May of Thy Fulness all partake,  
In Thy true Sabbath blest.

This grant us, Father, ever kind,  
And Thou, Co-equal Son,  
And Holy Ghost with Both enshrin'd,  
Eternal Three in One.

## AT LAUDS.

*Aurora jam spargit polum.*

THE dawn is dappling o'er the sky,  
The day o'er earth steals on ;  
Light shakes his flickering shaft on high ;  
Each breath of ill be gone.



Each shape of night be put to flight,  
Guilt's spell dissolve away,  
Each spectre sin black night brought in  
Fleet in the morning's ray !

So may this morn, the last we bend  
Here prostrate in God's sight,  
Born in this burst of music, end  
In calm still flow of light.

Father, to Thee all glory be,  
And Thee, Co-equal Son,  
And Spirit Blest, with Both confest,  
Eternal Three in One.

## AT VESPERS.

*Jam sol recedit igneus.*

THE fiery sun is gone,  
Oh, never-waning Light,  
All-Holy Three, Thrice-Blessed One,  
Shed forth Thy Presence bright.

To Thee our lauds at morn,  
Our vespers rise at even,  
Oh, grant us, hence by Angels borne,  
To join their chant in Heaven.

To the Great Father, Son,  
And Holy Spirit Blest,  
As in old time, while ages run,  
All glory be addrest.



# Hymns for the Seasons.

*Psalm lxxiv. 17.*

THOU HAST SET ALL THE BORDERS OF THE EARTH ;  
THOU HAST MADE SUMMER AND WINTER.





## Hymns for the Seasons.

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The Saturday before the First Sunday, and every  
Saturday in Advent.

AT VESPERS.

*Creator alme siderum.*

CREATOR of the starry height,  
Of hearts believing endless Light,  
Jesu, Redeemer, bow Thine ear,  
Thy suplicants' vows in pity hear;

Who, lest the Earth, through evil eye  
Of treacherous fiend should waste and die,  
With mighty love instinct, wert made  
Th' expiring world's all-healing Aid :

Who to the Cross, that world to win  
From common stain of common sin,  
From Virgin shrine, a Virgin Birth,  
A spotless Victim issueth forth ;

At vision of Whose glory bright,  
At mention of Whose Name of might,  
Angels on high and fiends below  
In reverence or in trembling bow :

Almighty Judge, to Thee we pray,  
Great Umpire of the last dread Day,  
Protect us through th' unearthly fight  
With armour of celestial light.

To God, the Father, and the Son,  
And Holy Ghost all praise be done :  
All honour, might, and glory be  
Through all the long eternity.

## Sundays in Adbent.

AT MATINS.

*Verbum Supernum prodiens.*

WORD of th' Eternal Father's might,  
Proceeding from His Bosom bright,  
Who, now the times wax old, art born,  
Sole Succour of a world outworn,

Our darkling bosoms, Lord, illume,  
And with Thine own true love consume,  
That, wean'd from fading things below,  
The heart celestial joys may know :

So, when the Judge's sentence dire  
Consigns th' accurs'd to endless fire ;  
And voice of welcome bids arise  
The righteous to their destin'd skies ;

We writhe not in the darksome flood,  
The fiery gulf's undying food,  
But cleans'd the Face of God to see,  
In Heaven's delights entranc'd may be.

To Father, and Co-equal Son,  
And Thee, Blest Spirit, Three in One,  
As aye it was, and aye shall be,  
All praise through all eternity!

## AT LAUDS.

*En clara vox redarguit.*

WHAT thrilling voice through midnight peals,  
Which every dark recess reveals?  
Away, pale dreams, dim shadows fly,  
Lo, Jesus lightens from on high.

Now let the sluggard soul spring forth,  
Nor longer lie enchain'd on earth ;  
All breath of ill dispelling far,  
Bright peers the new-born Morning-Star.

Behold the Lamb, sent down below,  
Himself to pay the debt we owe ;  
Oh let us all with tears most due  
For that His dear-bought pardon sue.

That, when He shall again appear,  
And wrap the world in sudden fear,  
His utmost wrath He may not wreak,  
But shield us for His Pity's sake.

To God, the Father, and the Son,  
And Holy Ghost, all praise be done,  
All honour, might, and glory be  
Through all the long eternity.

## The Nativity.

AT VESPERS.

*Jesu Redemptor omnium.*

JESU, Redeemer from on high,  
Who, ere the day-light shone,  
Sole Offspring of His Majesty,  
Art with the Father One.

Thou Light of Light, His Brightness true,  
Unfailing Hope of all,  
Hear, wheresoe'er to Thee they sue,  
Thy lowly servants' call.

Remember, Thou, Who all hast made,  
How, for Thy creatures' sake,  
Thyself, in Virgin's bosom laid,  
Thy creatures' form didst take.

Such the glad news this festal night  
From year to year doth tell,  
How from Thy Father's glory bright  
Thou cam'st on earth to dwell.

Who this so new salvation plann'd,  
To Him breadth, depth, and height,  
The starry choirs, the sea and land,  
In one new song unite.

Shall we, whose brows the hallowing stream  
Of holy Blood bedews,  
As dawns Thy Birth-day's joyous beam,  
Our grateful hymn refuse ?

Jesu, the Virgin-Mother's Son,  
To Thee all glory be,  
With Father, Spirit, Three in One,  
Through all eternity.

## AT LAUDS.

*A solis ortus cardine.*

FROM far sunrise at early morn,  
To earth's remotest ring,  
Of Mary Virgin-Mother born,  
We carol Christ our King.

He comes, the world's Blest Maker He,  
In servile guise array'd,  
By Flesh our sin-bound flesh to free,  
And save the souls He made.

On bosom pure, His earthly shrine,  
The Heavenly grace is shower'd;  
The lowly Maiden bears within  
Whom she unknown ador'd.



The breast, chaste Awe's true home of yore,  
Is now God's temple made ;  
Where never man was laid before,  
The Son of God is laid.

She travails with the wondrous Birth,  
By Gabriel's voice reveal'd,  
Which ere to light he issued forth,  
The yearning Baptist hail'd.

Abhorring not the hay-strewn shed,  
In manger, lo, He lies ;  
With little drops of milk is fed,  
Who stills creation's cries.

The Heavenly hosts His Birthday keep,  
The Angels round Him sing,  
The Shepherds view with wonder deep  
Earth's Shepherd, Lord, and King.

Jesu, the Virgin-Mother's Son,  
To Thee all glory be,  
With Father, Spirit, Three in One,  
Through all eternity.

## St. Stephen's Day.

FESTIVAL OF A MARTYR.

*Deus tuorum militum.*

OF Thy true soldiers, mighty Lord,  
The Portion, Crown, and great Reward,  
Now as we hymn Thy Martyr's fame,  
Unloose our bond of sin and blame.

For he th' enchanting joys of earth,  
The viands of deceitful mirth,  
Accounted gall, and upward flew,  
Till he the Heavenly reach'd and true.

He bravely ran the painful race,  
Enduring with a hero's grace,  
Thee with his blood on earth confess'd,  
With Thee in Heaven for aye is blest.

Oh, as with suppliant voice this day  
To Thee, all pitying Lord, we pray,  
In this Thy Martyr's triumph high,  
Thy servants' chain of guilt untie.

To God, the Father, and the Son,  
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
Unceasing praise and glory be,  
Now and through all eternity.

## St. John the Evangelist's Day.

FESTIVAL OF AN APOSTLE.

*Apostolorum gloriam.*

TH' Apostles' glories let us sing,  
Unfading gifts of Christ our King,  
Their hard won palms and circling rays  
Demand our joyous hymns of praise.

Princes of all the Churches they,  
Crown'd chieftains of th' unearthly fray,  
Of courts celestial sentries bright,  
Shedding o'er earth the pure true light.

Theirs is of Saints the Faith intent,  
Of trusting hearts the Hope unspent,  
Christ's Charity in perfect glow  
Laying the world's fell tyrant low.

In them the Father's glory bright,  
In them the Son's triumphal might,  
In them abides the Spirit's strong will ;  
They the wide Heaven with gladness fill.

To God the Father, and the Son,  
And Thee, Blest Spirit, Three in One,  
As aye it was, and aye shall be,  
All praise through all eternity.

## Holy Innocents.

AT MATINS.

*Audit tyrannus anxius.*

WITH boding fears the tyrant hears  
A King of Kings is hard at hand,  
Who rule shall claim o'er Israel's name  
And high in David's palace stand.

With wild surprise, "We die," he cries,  
"Around us lurks a traitor brood ;  
"Up, guard, awake, thy weapon take,  
"And every cradle drown in blood."

What boots his ire, and dark desire ;  
What help, if he his thousands slay ?  
Alone of all, around that fall,  
The Christ is safely borne away.

Jesu, to Thee all glory be,  
Of Mary, Virgin-Mother born ;  
To God Triune all praise be done,  
Through endless life's unwaning morn.

## AT LAUDS.

*Salvete flores martyrum.*

HAIL, flowrets of Christ's martyr-crown,  
Whom the fierce foe around hath strewn,  
E'en on the threshold of the morn,  
Fresh rose-buds by the whirlwind shorn ;

Prime victims ye to Jesus slain,  
His firstling flock, His tender train,  
With little palms, and garlands gay,  
Before the very altar play.



Jesu, to Thee all glory be,  
Of Mary, Virgin-Mother born ;  
To God Triune all praise be done,  
Through endless life's unwaning morn.

## Epiphany.

AT VESPERS.

*Crudelis Herodes, Deum.*

WHY, ruthless king, this frantic fear,  
Thy God should come, thy King appear?  
He takes not earthly crowns away,  
Who crowns bestows that ne'er decay.

Those Eastern Kings, they saw from far,  
And followed on His guiding Star;  
By light their way to Light they trod,  
And hail'd with incense-gifts their God.

Yon Heavenly Lamb, Whose brows abide  
The laver of that crystal tide;—  
He bears what ne'er He bare within,  
Cleansing the streams to cleanse our sin.

And, lo, what power unknown is there !  
E'en now the waves deep crimson wear,  
The water, chang'd at His command,  
Flows blood-red wine beneath His Hand.

Jesu, be Thou for ever blest,  
Who to the Gentiles manifest,  
With Father, and with Spirit pure,  
Art God, while endless worlds endure.

## AT LAUDS.

*O sola magnarum urbium.*

THAN mightiest cities mightier far,  
Thou Bethlehem, with thy crowning Star,  
Whose chosen lap receiv'd from Heaven  
Th' Incarnate Lord, for sinners given :

Star, whose bright glories far outrun  
The radiant axle of the sun,  
Heaven's herald, sent on earth to tell,  
That God made Flesh on earth doth dwell.

Soon as the kings their King behold,  
Their Eastern gifts they straight unfold,  
And prostrate all His Throne before,  
With incense, gold, and myrrh adore.

Pure incense for their God they bring,  
With royal gold salute their King,  
With spicy dust of fragrant myrrh  
They shadow forth His sepulchre.

Jesu, be Thou for ever blest,  
Who to the Gentiles manifest,  
With Father, Spirit, Three in One,  
Art God, while endless ages run.

## Lent.

SATURDAY, AT VESPERS.

*Audi, benigne Conditor.*

GRACIOUS Creator, hear,  
How many a prayer our souls outpour  
In this our solemn Lenten hour,  
With many a mingled tear.

Kind Searcher of the heart,  
Thou know'st our deep infirmity,  
O Lord, as we return to Thee,  
Thy pardoning grace impart.

Full sorely have we sinn'd ;  
But spare us, Lord, as we confess,  
And for Thy great Name's holiness,  
Our wounded spirits bind.

Grant us by abstinence  
The body's rebel strength to break ;  
And make the weanèd soul forsake  
What feedeth foul offence.

Grant, Blessed Trinity,  
Grant, Undivided Unity,  
Our Lenten fasts and alms may be  
Made fruitful, Lord, in Thee.

SUNDAY, AT MATINS.

*Ex more docti mystico.*

By rite religious bound,  
Keep we this holy Fast of Lent,  
Days four times ten all duly spent,  
Its ancient solemn round.

Its high original  
The Law and Prophets gave, until  
Christ hallow'd it ; his Sovereign Will  
Supreme o'er seasons all.

Oh be we sparing then  
Of words, and meats, and wanton cup ;  
Of sleep, and sport ; and gird us up  
Our watch to keep as men.

Flee we whate'er may harm,  
Whate'er o'erturn our wandering mind ;  
Give we no place to snaring Fiend,  
But all his power disarm.

Soothe we the vengeance sore,  
And weep before the Judge's Throne :  
And call with mourning suppliants' tone,  
And from the dust adore,—

“Thy goodness, gracious God,  
With every ill we tempt each hour,  
Oh, from on high Thy mercy pour,  
And spare th’ avenging rod.

“Remember, we are Thine—  
All fall’n and frail, yet Thine our frame ;  
The glory, Lord, of Thy great Name  
To other ne’er resign.

“The sin that’s past, forgive ;  
The good we seek and ask, increase :  
That Thee at length we here may please,  
And in Thy pleasure live.”

Grant, Blessed Trinity,  
Grant, Undivided Unity,  
Our Lenten fasts and alms may be  
Made fruitful, Lord, in Thee.



## AT LAUDS.

*O Sol salutis, intimis.*

O JESU, Sun of health divine,  
Within our inmost spirits shine,  
While, as black night flees fast away,  
More welcome dawns the new-born day.

Who giv'st Thine own accepted hour,  
Oh, give of tears a plenteous shower,  
To wash the heart's true sacrifice,  
That love's bright flame may brighter rise.

So from the fount of sin and woe,  
Shall tears in endless torrent flow,  
If duly bruis'd, the harden'd heart  
Beneath the scourge of penance smart.

The day draws on, Thine own blest Day,  
When all things flourish fresh and gay,  
May we with hearts by Thee made new,  
And homeward led, be joyous too.

Dread Trinity, Thy Throne before,  
Let the round world low-bow'd adore,  
And we, new creatures, with new tongue  
Sing in new worlds our glad new song.

## Saturday before Passion Sunday.

AT VESPERS.

*Vexilla Regis prodeunt.*

Now onward move the standards of our King,  
And darkly gleams the mystery of the Cross,  
Where Life encountering death,  
By death to life gave birth,—

Life, That with piercing point of deadly spear  
Deep-wounded, opening wide the Fount to cleanse  
Our sinful stains away,  
With Blood and Water flow'd.

Now is fulfill'd what David sang of old,  
The faithful burthen of the mystic song,  
He to the heathen sang,—  
“God from the wood doth reign.”

Tree, that all beauteous, and all glorious art,  
Deckt with the Royal Purple of our Prince,  
    Ordain'd with worthy stem  
    Th' all-Holy Limbs to touch.

Thrice blessed, on whose wide-outstretchèd arms  
Was hung the Ransom of the universe,—  
    On thee the Body weigh'd,  
    Hell's captives to redeem.

Oh, Holy Cross, all hail ! sole hope of man !  
Mayst thou, at this most sacred Passion-tide,  
    Grace to the saints increase,  
    And sinners' ill blot out.

Who of salvation Only Fountain art,  
Blest Trinity, Thee all that breathe shall praise,  
    To whom Thou giv'st the Cross  
    All conquering, give the Crown.

## Saturday in Easter Week,

CALLED "IN ALBIS," OR "IN WHITE GARMENTS,"

And throughout the Paschal Season.

AT VESPERS.

*Ad Regias Agni dapes.*

IN garments dight of virgin white,  
The true Lamb's royal banquet round,  
The Red Sea vast in safety past,  
To Christ our King the triumph sound.

His Love Divine brings forth the wine,  
The mystic Cup of sacred Blood :  
His Love, the Priest, for that dread Feast  
The victim slays, Himself the Food.

The blood-drops red on lintel spread  
The wasting Angel passes o'er,  
The waters wide aghast divide,  
Th' o'erwhelmèd hosts are seen no more.

In Christ we view the image true,  
The very Paschal Victim He ;  
The leaven sure of spirits pure,  
The leaven of sincerity.

True Victim given from highest Heaven,  
Whom deeps of Hell their Conqueror own ;  
Who death's strong chain hath rent in twain,  
And rescued life's unfading crown.

The victory won, Hell-powers o'erthrown,  
Christ's banner waves in open sky,  
Heaven-gates behold to Him unfold,  
And dragg'd in chains the dark King lie.

Oh, Jesu blest, to every breast  
Unceasing Paschal gladness be :  
From blasting breath of sin and death  
The new-born sons of life set free.

Father, to Thee all glory be,  
And Son, Who from the dead art rais'd,  
And Spirit Blest, with Both confest,  
One God, through endless ages prais'd.

## Sunday after Easter,

CALLED "IN ALBIS," OR, "IN WHITE GARMENTS,"

And throughout the Paschal Season.

AT MATINS.

*Rex Sempiternæ cœlitum.*

OF Heaven's high host Eternal Lord,  
Who all created things hast made ;  
Before all worlds Co-equal Word,  
Son, in Thy Father's might array'd :

Who at the world's primæval birth  
To Adam didst Thine Image give,  
Didst link with this frail form of earth  
Thy princely Spirit, and bad'st him live :



When the foul Dæmon's guileful spite  
The race had marr'd with sinful stain,  
Thou, clad in flesh, with plastic might  
The beauteous wreck didst mould again :

Who erst wert born of Virgin's womb,  
Now from the teeming grave art born ;  
And bidst us, buried in the tomb,  
Arise with Thee this glorious morn ;

Thou, Heavenly Shepherd, Thy true flock  
In Thy Baptismal well dost lave ;  
This is of souls the sprinkling rock ;  
This is of sins the whelming grave.

Thou, Saviour, on the Cross wert laid,  
So long to our deservings ow'd ;  
The ransom of our souls hast paid,  
In lavish streams of precious Blood.

Oh, Jesu blest, to every breast  
Unceasing Paschal gladness be ;  
From blasting breath of sin and death  
The new-born sons of life set free.

Father, to Thee all glory be,  
And Son, Who from the dead art rais'd,  
And Spirit Blest, with Both confest,  
One God, through endless ages prais'd.

## AT LAUDS.

*Aurora cœlum purpurat.*

THE dawn is purpling o'er the sky,  
The air with Alleluias shakes,  
The glad earth shouts her triumph high,  
Hell in each shuddering cavern quakes ;

Whilst He the King, with strong Right Hand  
Leads forth from cells of death and night  
Th' unprison'd Fathers' ghostly band  
To gladdening beam of life and light.

Whose tomb so late the threefold ward  
Of watch, and stone, and seal did bind,  
Now Victor risen death's self hath barr'd,  
To that same tomb for aye consign'd.

Farewell then grave, a long farewell  
To funeral tears and grief and pain ;  
Oh ! hear yon glistening Angel tell,  
Death's conquering Lord is risen again.

Oh, Jesu blest, to every breast  
Unceasing Paschal gladness be ;  
From blasting breath of sin and death  
The new-born sons of life set free.

Father, to Thee all glory be,  
And Son, Who from the dead art rais'd,  
And Spirit Blest, with Both confest,  
One God, through endless ages prais'd.

## Festival of Apostles.

In the Paschal Season.

AT VESPERS.

TH' Apostles wept with hearts forlorn  
The Bridegroom to the burial borne,  
Whom with that death of blood and pain  
His servants' wicked hands had slain.

Yet had the weeping Maries heard  
The Angel's sure and welcome word,  
'The Lord His own full speedily  
Will visit with heart-gladdening Eye.'

E'en now as fast they bear along  
The tidings to the downcast throng,  
Lo, Jesus' glistening Form they meet,  
And run to clasp their Saviour's Feet.

Swift to the Galilæan height  
Th' Apostles speed their eager flight,  
There, of their hearts' desire possest,  
With Jesus' kindly Light are blest.

Oh, Jesu blest, to every breast  
Unceasing Paschal gladness be;  
From blasting breath of sin and death  
The new-born sons of life set free.

Father, to Thee all glory be,  
And Son, Who from the dead art rais'd,  
And Spirit Blest, with Both confest,  
One God, through endless ages prais'd.

## AT LAUDS,

And through the Hours.

A FAIRER Sun is risen on earth,  
To kindle high her Paschal mirth,  
Where now His more than earthly beam  
Th' Apostles see from Jesus stream :

See on His Flesh the Wounds Divine  
Like purest stars all softly shine,  
And what their eyes have witness'd there  
To all the wondering world declare.

Oh Christ, our King, our hearts possess,  
And with Thy fostering Presence bless ;  
So may our tongue in ceaseless praise  
To Thy great Name meet anthems raise.

Oh, Jesu blest, to every breast  
Unceasing Paschal gladness be ;  
From blasting breath of sin and death  
The new-born sons of life set free.

Father, to Thee all glory be,  
And Son, Who from the dead art rais'd,  
And Spirit Blest, with Both confest,  
One God, through endless ages prais'd.



## Ascension Day.

AT VESPERS.

*Salutis humanæ Sator.*

AUTHOR of lost man's salvation,  
Jesu, each true heart's delight,  
Framer of the new creation,  
Light of lovers chaste and bright !

Lord, what mighty Mercy bow'd Thee  
Thus to bear Thy creatures' sin ;  
Guiltless, bidding death o'ercloud Thee,  
Guilty souls from death to win ?

Bursting through the gulf infernal,  
Thou unchain'st the captive band ;  
Triumphing in state supernal,  
Sittest now at God's Right Hand.

Oh, may yet Thy Pity turn Thee  
To repair our ruin'd plight ;  
Cleans'd in beauty to discern Thee,  
Fill'd with Thine all-hallowing light.

Thou, the Way, dost heavenward lead us ;  
Goal, to which all hearts must tend :  
Solace sweet, 'mid tears to speed us ;  
Crown of life, when tears shall end.

Hail, to Heaven in triumph riding,  
Jesu, Thee shall all adore,  
In Thy Father's Might abiding,  
With One Spirit evermore.

AT MATINS.

*Æterne Rex altissime.*

KING Eternal, Power unbounded,  
 Strong Thy faithful ones to save,  
 Death to Thee, all deadly wounded,  
 Triumph and high glory gave.

Through the starry orbs ascending,  
 Where Thy Throne of glory call'd,  
 Rob'd from Heaven with power unending,  
 By no human hand install'd :

There Thy kingdoms three adore Thee,  
 Heaven above, and earth below,  
 Darkest Hell beneath,—before Thee  
 All the knee submissive bow.

Heaven's high host with awe beholdeth  
Death to life restor'd again ;  
Flesh corrupteth, Flesh remouldeth,  
Flesh true God of God doth reign.

Who in Heaven our Crown remainest,  
O'er our earthly sorrows beam ;  
Who the round world's frame sustainest,  
O'er all worldly joys Supreme ;

Lord, from earth our prayers pursue Thee,  
Saviour, all our sins forgive,  
Lift our hearts on high unto Thee,  
By Thy grace uprais'd to live.

So, when Thou, at Thy swift coming,  
From Thy Judgment-cloud shalt shine ;  
Thou mayst stay our righteous dooming,  
And our forfeit crowns assign.

Hail, to Heaven in triumph riding,  
Jesu, Thee shall all adore,  
In Thy Father's might abiding,  
With One Spirit evermore.

## Evening of Whit-Sunday.

AT VESPERS.

*Veni, Creator Spiritus.*

COME, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,  
And visit all the souls of Thine,  
The hearts Thyself hast made illumine  
With heavenly light, with grace divine.

Thou, That art call'd the Paraclete,  
Most blessed Gift of God most high,  
Fountain of life, and light, and heat,  
Anointing Spirit of charity.

Thou Sevenfold in Thy graces art ;  
The Finger Thou of God's Right Hand ;  
Thou, His true Promise, dost impart  
The tongue to tell His dread command.

Our senses kindle with Thy light,  
    Into our hearts Thy true love pour ;  
Renew our body's wasted might  
    With vigour that can waste no more.

Drive far away the deadly foe,  
    And give us speedy peace within,  
Be Thou the Guide where we shall go,  
    And keep us safe from snares of sin.

May we by Thee the Father know,  
    By Thee aright confess the Son,  
Thyself, the Spirit of the Two,  
    Believing, till all time be done.

To God the Father glory be,  
    And Son, Who from the dead was rais'd,  
And Holy Spirit, Persons Three,  
    One God, through endless ages prais'd.

## Whit-Sunday.

AT MATINS.

*Jam Christus astra ascenderat.*

Now Christ beyond the stars had gone,  
Return'd from whence He came,  
To send the Father's promis'd Boon,  
The Spirit's holy Flame.

And nigh drew on the solemn Day ;  
On mystic cycle borne,  
The week of weeks hath roll'd away,  
And brought the hallow'd morn :

When, lo, as at the third bright hour  
Upsoars th' Apostles' prayer,  
The thundering world, and shining shower,  
The present God declare.



Forth from the Father's glory darts  
The crowning, fostering Light,  
To fill Christ's true and faithful hearts  
With Christ's all-kindling might.

Each with the hallowing Presence fir'd,  
The living shrines rejoice ;  
To tell God's mighty works inspir'd,  
Each finds his several voice.

By all the mingled nations heard,  
To Greek and Scythian known,  
The preachers wondering speak the word,  
The hearkeners wondering own.

Yet Judah raves still faithless by,  
And scorns the band divine ;  
And mocks their holy ecstasy,  
As tranc'd in fumes of wine :

Till Peter, starting at the sight  
Of wonders wrought around,  
Makes Joel's clear prophetic light  
The falsehood dark confound.

To God the Father glory be,  
And Son, from death uprais'd,  
And Holy Spirit, Persons Three,  
One God for ever prais'd.

## AT LAUDS.

*Beata nobis gaudia.*

AGAIN the circling seasons tell  
The blest and joyous hour,  
When erst upon th' Apostles fell  
The Spirit's hallowing shower ;

In flame-drops lights the thrilling Fire ;  
    A tongue its mystic form,  
Each mouth with wisdom to inspire,  
    With love each heart to warm.

In every tongue their voice is heard ;  
    The Gentiles tremble round ;  
The hearts in whom the Spirit stirr'd,  
    They deem in new wine drown'd.

'Tis all in mighty mystery done ;  
    The Paschal season past,  
The Pentecostal days outrun,  
    Remission comes at last.

To Thee, All-pitying Lord, we pray,  
    To earth before Thee bend,  
Thy Spirit Blest from Heaven this day  
    On us Thy suppliants send.

Who didst erewhile each hallow'd heart  
Replenish with Thy grace,  
To us Thy pardon, Lord, impart,  
And in our time give peace.

To God the Father glory be,  
And Son, from death uprais'd,  
And Holy Spirit, Persons Three,  
One God for ever prais'd.

## Whit-Sunday.

*Veni, Sancte Spiritus.*

HOLY Spirit from on high,  
Come, and from the opening sky  
Shed Thy ray of heavenly Light.

Come, kind Father of the poor,  
Come, with all Thy bounteous store,  
Come, of hearts the Inmate bright.

Sweetest Comforter, and best,  
Of the soul most welcome Guest,  
Presence calm in feverish day,

In all toil Refreshment sweet,  
Cooling Breath 'mid noontide heat,  
God, That wip'st all tears away.

Light most Holy, most Divine,  
In our inmost bosoms shine,  
Fill Thine own with Thy true grace ;

For without Thine hallowing Flame  
Nought in man is free from blame,  
Nought in all this sinful race.

Wash whate'er of stain is here,  
Sprinkle what is dry or sere,  
Heal and bind the wounded sprite ;

Bend whate'er is stubborn still,  
Kindle what is cold and chill,  
What hath wander'd guide aright.

Oh, to every faithful heart,  
Lord, Thy Sevenfold Gift impart,  
That Thine own in Thee may live ;

Give the meed Thy grace hath won,  
Crown the work Thyself hast done,  
Everlasting gladness give.

Amen.

## Trinity Sunday.

AT VESPERS.

*Jam sol recedit igneus.*

THE fiery sun now fades from sight :  
Oh, Unity, unwaning Light,  
Oh, Trinity, alone Divine,  
Into our darkling bosoms shine.

To Thee at morn our lauds we wing ;  
To Thee at eve our vespers sing ;  
Oh, grant, when morn and eve are o'er,  
We may with Angels Thee adore.

To Father, and Co-equal Son,  
And Thee, Blest Spirit, Three in One,  
As aye it was, and aye shall be,  
All praise through all eternity !



## AT MATINS.

*Summæ Parens clementiæ.*

OF boundless love Parental Source,  
Who rul'st the round world's circling course,  
Who in Three Persons art confest,  
One only God, for ever Blest.

Uplift us rising with Thine Hand,  
That calm in Thee our souls may stand,  
And, kindling into God's high praise,  
To Thee their grateful anthems raise.

Father, to Thee all praise be done,  
And Thee, alone Co-equal Son,  
And, Holy Spirit, unto Thee,  
Through all the long eternity.

## AT LAUDS.

*Tu Trinitatis Unitas.*

THRICE-Holy One, All-glorious Trine,  
Who wield'st the worlds in might Divine,  
Oh, hearken to the hymn of praise,  
Which, wak'd in Thee, to Thee we raise.

The golden day-star risen on high  
Heralds the sun's red chariot nigh,  
The night's dark shadows melt away :  
Oh, may it in our souls be day !

To God the Father praise in Heaven,  
And to th' Eternal Son be given,  
And Holy Ghost, with Both confest,  
One God through endless ages Blest.

The Presentation of Christ in the Temple,  
or Purification of St. Mary.

Ave, Mary, full of grace,  
In whose virgin arm's embrace,  
God to God Himself doth vow !

Let me in the Temple wait,  
Let me meet Thee at the gate,  
Jesu, for mine All art Thou.

God is to His Temple come ;  
Angels throng the hallow'd dome ;  
What beyond hath Heaven in store ?

God Himself our flesh doth wear,  
Owns a Virgin-Mother's care :  
This than Heaven itself is more !

Incense-gales of gladness rise,  
Where this morning sacrifice  
'Mid re-echoing shouts is made :

Evening's rite in tears shall end,  
And with bitter weepings blend,  
On the darkening Cross display'd.

There behold th' Oblation wrought,  
By whose precious ransom bought,  
We are all to God made nigh.

Now no longer, Lord, our own,  
To Thy single service won,  
Thine we live, and Thine we die.

Let Thy servants now depart ;  
May we see Thee as Thou art ;  
Nought of earth arrest our eyes !

If Thou keep us here below,  
Let us here with Jesus grow,  
And in Him hereafter rise.

## The Annunciation of St. Mary.

*Quem terra, pontus, sidera.*

WHOM earth and sea and stars and light  
With ceaseless praise declare,  
The Lord of breadth and depth and height  
Meek Mary's womb doth bear.

Who sun and moon and time and space  
Their measur'd task assigns,  
Him, fill'd with Heaven's o'ershadowing grace,  
A lowly maid enshrines.

O Mother, blest with service high,  
Within whose bosom laid,  
Who fram'd the world, Who spans the sky,  
His secret place hath made.

Blest with the news from Heaven sent down,  
In that all-hallow'd breast  
She bears Whom Earth's deep yearnings own,  
In God Incarnate blest !

Jesu, the Virgin Mother's Son,  
To Thee all glory be,  
With Father, Spirit, Three in One,  
Through all eternity.

## St. John Baptist.

AT VESPERS.

*Ut queant laxis resonare fibris.*

OH, for thy spirit, holy John, once more  
To loose the strings that lock the spell-bound tongue,  
And purge the lips unclean,  
Thy wondrous tale to tell;—

How forth from highest Heaven an Angel came,  
To shew thy sire the greatness of thy birth;  
And nam'd thee; and portray'd  
Thy life's mysterious course;

He, faltering at the promise all too high,  
His tones of ready utterance lost awhile,  
But thou art born, and lo!  
Life to the voice returns.



Pent in the narrow closet of the womb,  
Thou knew'st the King in His bridechamber shrin'd;  
Each parent in the child  
Deep mysteries unfolds.

All glory to the Father, and the Son,  
And Thee, Co-equal Spirit of the Twain,  
Three Persons and One God,  
When time shall be no more.

## AT MATINS.

*Antra deserti teneris ab annis.*

IN tenderest years withdrawn from haunts of men,  
Thou lov'dst the desert waste and rocky caves,  
Where no light tongue might taint  
Thy spotless innocence.

The ruggèd vest that wrapp'd thy sacred limbs  
The camel found ; the sheep thy girdle gave ;  
    Thy cup the spring ; thy food  
    The locust and wild bee.

Whilst other seers in dim prophetic strains  
Sang but the dawns of His healing beam,  
    Thy finger points Him out,—  
    “ Behold the Lamb of God ! ”

Nor through the wide world's vast circumference  
Was holier e'er of women born than John,  
    Whose chosen hand imbath'd  
    The Cleanser of earth's sin.

All glory to the Father, and the Son,  
And Thee, Co-equal Spirit of the Twain,  
    Three Persons and One God,  
    When time shall be no more.

## AT LAUDS.

*O nimis felix meritique celsi.*

OH, all too blest, and of transcendent worth,  
Unstainèd in thy snow-white chastity,  
Great Martyr, mightiest Seer,  
Lone dweller in the wilds !

While some with wreaths of increase thirty-fold  
Are crownèd ; other some twice thirty wear,  
Thee with thrice-glorious weight  
The hundredth fold adorns.

Oh, come, and yet again in might pluck out  
The flinty stones in our hard bosoms lodg'd,  
And make the crooked straight,  
And lay the rough ways smooth :

So to these souls, from spot of guilt made pure,  
May earth's Creator and Redeemer dear,  
Come duly ; there vouchsafe  
To plant His Footstep<sup>s</sup> blest !

Great God, in Substance One, in Persons Trine,  
Thee may Thy Heavenly quires unceasing sing,  
We suppliant, 'neath their feet,  
Cry, " Spare Thine Own redeem'd !"

## St. Mary Magdalene.

AT VESPERS.

*Pater superni luminis.*

FATHER of celestial light,  
As Thou dost on Mary look,  
Thou her love dost kindle bright,  
And the chilling spell is broke.

Pierc'd with love behold her fly  
To anoint those blessed Feet;  
Bathe in tears, with tresses dry,  
With unceasing kisses greet.

Fearless at the Cross she stands;  
Pensive watches o'er the Stone;  
Nought she recks yon ruffian bands;  
Love hath bid all fear be gone.

Jesu, Very Love Thou art,  
Cleanse, dear Lord, our guilty stain,  
Thou with grace canst fill the heart,  
Thou lost Heaven restore again.

To the Father, and the Son,  
And the Spirit ever Blest,  
As of old, so aye shall run  
Hymns of praise that never rest.

## AT LAUDS.

*Maria castis osculis.*

MEEK Mary with chaste kisses  
Imprints her Saviour's Feet,  
Drowns with her tears; dries with her tresses,  
And dried embalms with spikenard sweet.

To God be glory given,  
And to His Only Son,  
And to the Spirit, as in Heaven,  
So here on earth till time be done.

## The Transfiguration.

AT VESPERS.

*Quicumque Christum quæritis.*

YE, whoe'er for Christ are seeking,  
Lift your longing eyes on high,  
There behold the glory breaking  
Of celestial Majesty.

Bright the Vision there unveiling,  
With unbounded lustre bright,  
High, sublime, and never failing,  
Elder than primæval light.

He is King all realms to gather,  
King, Whom Israel's tribes obey,  
Promis'd to His people's Father,  
Abraham, and his seed for aye.



Seers to Him high witness breathing,  
Seal their words with love and fear,  
Him th' Eternal Sire bequeathing,  
Bids His own believe and hear.

Jesu, hail, Thyself revealing  
Where Thy little ones adore,  
With Thy Sire and Spirit healing,  
One True God for evermore.

## AT LAUDS.

*Lux alma Jesu mentium.*

JESU, Light of souls indwelling,  
When our hearts Thou dost renew,  
And the shades of sin dispelling,  
Fillest with Thy sweetness true ;

Happy he, by Thee possessèd,  
Sovran Sire's Co-equal Son,  
Beauteous Light of homes most blessèd,  
Light to fleshly sense unknown.

From Thy Father's glory beaming,  
Love incomprehensible,  
O'er us in Thy Fulness streaming,  
With us deign in love to dwell.

Jesu, hail, Thyself revealing,  
Where Thy little ones adore,  
With Thy Sire, and Spirit healing,  
One True God for evermore.

## St. Michael and All Angels.

AT VESPERS.

*Te Splendor et Virtus Patris.*

THEE, Who the Father's Brightness art,  
Thee, Jesu, Life of each true heart,  
With Angels, who on poised wing  
Await Thy bidding, Thee we sing.

Thee, to Thy Royal service bound,  
Ten thousand thousand chiefs surround,  
Salvation's standard Michael holds,  
And wide th' all-conquering Cross unfolds.

He the proud crest of dragon fell  
All headlong thrusts to lowest hell,  
And smites from Heaven with lightnings due  
The chief and all his rebel crew.

May we, against that king of pride,  
Walk in his steps, our royal guide ;  
Till from the Lamb's all-glorious Throne  
Our conquest and our crown be won.

To God the Father, and the Son,  
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
As aye it was, and aye shall be,  
All praise to all eternity.

## AT LAUDS.

CHRIST of the Holy Angels Light and Gladness,  
Maker and Saviour of the human race,  
O may we reach the world unknown to sadness,  
The blessed mansions where they see Thy Face.

Angel of peace may Michael to our dwelling  
Down from high Heaven in mighty calmness come,  
Breathing serenest peace, wild war dispelling  
With all her sorrows to th' infernal gloom.

Angel of might may Gabriel swift descending  
Far from our gates our ancient foes repel,  
And, his own triumphs o'er the world defending,  
In temples dear to Heaven return and dwell.

Angel of health may Raphael lighten o'er us,  
To every sick bed speed his healing flight,  
In deeds of doubt direct the way before us,  
And through life's mazes guide our steps aright.

The Virgin, harbinger of peace supernal,  
Mother of Light, with all th' Angelic train,  
Heaven's glittering host, Court of the King Eternal,  
All Saints be with us, till that bliss we gain!

Be this by Thy Thrice-Holy Godhead granted,  
Father and Son and Spirit ever Blest ;  
Whose glory by the firmament is chanted,  
Whose Name by all the universe confest.

## Guardian Angels.

O'ER the morning stars Who reignest,  
Who the universe hast made,  
And with wondrous skill sustainest,  
What Thy wondrous might array'd ;

Lord, behold Thy servants bending,  
Guilty suppliants in Thy sight,  
Now pale dawn in day is ending,  
O'er our spirits shed Thy light.

Let Thy chosen Angel tend us,  
Guardian ever at our side,  
From all taint of guilt defend us,  
Far from harm our footsteps guide ;

Every subtle noose uptearing,  
Which the jealous fiend hath set,  
Lest, our heedless souls ensnaring,  
Close around his viewless net :

Fears and foes alike dispelling  
From our borders fast and far ;  
Every civil tumult quelling,  
Quenching every baleful star.

To the Father lauds unending,  
Who the Son's redeem'd doth keep,  
Who the Spirit's anointed tending,  
Bids their Angels never sleep.



## Feast of Dedication of a Church.

AT VESPERS.

*Cœlestis urbs Jerusalem.*

CITY of Heaven, Jerusalem,

Blest Vision of the Peace on high,  
With living stones, each stone a gem,  
Uplifted to the starry sky,  
In all thy bridal splendour crown'd  
With thousand thousand Angels round.

Oh, wedded with a lot most bright,  
E'en with the Father's glory dower'd,  
In all the Bridegroom's beauty dight,  
Queen, in all loveliness embower'd ;  
To Christ the King in marriage given :  
Resplendent citadel of Heaven !

With purest pearls thy portals shine,  
And day and night unclos'd remain,  
And thither led by grace divine,  
Of mortals winds an holy train,  
Who for the love of Christ have borne  
The racking Cross and robe of scorn.

With many a needful stroke, imprest  
By dint of Heavenly Builder's Hand,  
With many a blow those stones are drest,  
And for that pile celestial plann'd,  
Till fitly fram'd, and firmly brac'd,  
And on its rising summit plac'd.

To God the Father in the height,  
Fix'd in His Everlasting Seat,  
And to the Son, True Light of Light,  
And to the mighty Paraclete,  
All praise, all power, all glory be  
Through all the long eternity.

## AT LAUDS.

*Alto ex Olympi vertice.*

FROM loftiest peak of heavenly light,  
God's Offspring by Eternal Birth,  
Like stone cut out from mountain height,  
Descending to the deeps of earth,  
Both height and depth doth bind in one,  
Highest and lowest Corner-stone.

There, through the mansions of the Blest,  
The never-ceasing lauds resound,  
There, to the God Triune address,  
The everlasting chant rings round ;  
We 'neath their feet joint anthems raise,  
And faintly echo Sion's praise.

King of those courts, this earthly shrine  
With Thine all-hallowing light possess ;  
Here at our prayer, O, come and shine,  
And here Thy suppliant people bless :  
And with Thine ever-flowing grace  
Make every heart an holy place.

Here may a faithful band and true,  
With bended knee and lifted voice,  
For the bright Temple's blessings sue,  
And in each granted boon rejoice,  
Till, loos'd from earth's enthralling chain,  
The ever-blessed Home they gain.

To God the Father in the height,  
Fix'd in His everlasting Seat,  
And to the Son, True Light of Light,  
And to the mighty Paraclete,  
All praise, all power, all glory be,  
Through all the long eternity. Amen.

## Hymn.

*Jesu dulcis memoria.*

JESU ! how sweet those accents are,  
How full of sweetness to the breast,  
But, Oh, than honey sweeter far,  
Than sweetness' self His Presence blest !

No song so full of melody,  
No sound so welcome to the ear,  
No thought so deep in harmony,  
As Jesus, Son of God most dear.

Jesu, of penitents the Stay,  
To all that ask how passing kind !  
How good to them that seek the way,  
But what, Oh, what to them that find !

Jesu, of Hearts the Sweetness true,  
Of Life the Fount, of Souls the Light,  
More than our every yearning knew,  
Our every joy transcending quite.

No tongue can tell, nor heart conceive,  
Nor pen of readiest writer prove,  
Experience only can believe,  
What 'tis to live in Jesus' love.

For Jesus on my bed I'll look,  
Clos'd on my heart its chamber-door,  
Each peopled haunt, each lonely nook  
For Him with eager love explore.

With Mary, ere the daylight break,  
With plaintive heart's half uttered cry,  
I Jesus in the tomb will seek,  
Seek with my spirit's inmost eye.

With tears will bathe the silent stone,  
With dove-like moanings fill the place,  
At Jesus' Feet all prostrate thrown,  
Around them cling with fast embrace.

Yea on Thine every step I'll press,  
Panting to know Thy dear behest,  
Nor let my heart's deep sighing cease,  
Till with Thy saving Presence blest.

Oh, Jesu, King adorable,  
Oh, Conqueror celestial,  
Oh, Sweetness, most ineffable,  
Crown of our longings, All in All!

Oh, with us, Lord, at evening stay,  
And o'er us shed Thy radiant Light,  
Our souls' dark sadness drive away,  
And fill us with Thy sweetness bright.

For on our souls when Thou dost rise,  
Oh, then the Very Truth doth shine :  
The world's false glare and glory dies,  
And love celestial glows within.

And Jesus' love is passing sweet,  
His goodness all-delectable,  
With thousand thousand joys replete,  
Beyond what mortal tongue can tell.

This doth that holy Passion shew,  
Th' outpouring of that precious Blood,  
Through which Redemption's mercies flow,  
Which opes the Vision of our God !

To Jesus one and all aspire,  
Make Jesus' love your prayer and aim,  
Seek with the glow of holy fire,  
And still in seeking fan the flame.



Oh since such love your love hath won,  
With love like His in answer burn,  
Yea, after this sweet incense run,  
And vows with mutual vows return.

Oh, Jesu, King of clemency,  
Of all our joy the Object bright,  
Fountain of grace and charity,  
My heart of hearts' most true Delight ;

All gracious Jesu, let me know  
The wealth of Thine o'erflowing love,  
Give in Thy Presence here below  
The earnest of that Bliss above.

I cannot speak of Thee aright,  
And yet I may not silent be,  
Love bids me dare the venturous flight,  
Because I joy alone in Thee.

With heavenly food without alloy,  
Jesu, Thy love the soul doth fill,  
And filling, while it cannot cloy,  
Adds to our longing hunger still.

Who taste of Thee, still hungry grow,  
Who drink of Thee, yet thirst the more,  
Nor other longing can they know,  
Save Jesus, whom their souls adore.

Who in Thy love entranc'd may be,  
He knows how great Thy goodness is ;  
How happy, who is fill'd with Thee !  
He cannot crave for more than this.

Jesu, the Angels' Light and Song,  
Thou in mine ear sweet music art,  
And charmèd honey on the tongue,  
And heavenly nectar in the heart.

A thousand times I long for Thee ;  
When wilt Thou come, O Jesu Blest,  
When with Thy Presence gladden me,  
E'en of Thy Very Self possess !

Thy love that doth no respite know,  
No respite to my longing gives,  
Still on in honey'd streams doth flow,  
Still in perpetual freshness lives.

Jesu, Supreme Benignity,  
Delightsome Gladness of the mind,  
Unbounded Charity, to Thee  
With love's constraint Thy servant bind.

'Tis good to love Thee endlessly,  
For nought beyond to seek or strive,  
Good, wholly to myself to die,  
That I to Thee may wholly live.

Oh Jesu, to my soul most dear,  
My breathless spirit's distant Goal,  
For Thee cries out each tender tear,  
The clamour of my inmost soul.

Where'er my lot, through earth's wide bound,  
I look for Jesus at my side,  
How glad, whene'er I Him have found !  
How blest, when I in Him abide !

Oh Jesu, here our Gladness be,  
Who art in Heaven our great Reward ;  
Be all our glory, Lord, in Thee,  
Through endless ages aye ador'd !

## A P P E N D I X.

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### Hymn for Terce.

*Jam surgit hora tertia.*

'Tis the third hour, the holy time,  
When Christ the bitter Cross did climb,  
Fix'd be the soul intent in prayer,  
No thought unhallow'd harbour'd there.

Who in his heart would Christ enshrine,  
Unstain'd must keep his soul within,  
With vows unceasing must secure  
The Holy Spirit's Presence pure.

This is the hour which clos'd amain  
Accursed guilt's lethargic reign,  
The empire loos'd of death and hell,  
And cancell'd sin's primæval spell.

Hence by the grace of Christ began  
Those blessed times to ruin'd man,  
When one pure Truth the Churches fill'd  
One Faith through every bosom thrill'd.

From summit of His Triumph high,  
He thus bespake His Mother nigh,  
'Mother,' He said, 'Behold thy son,  
'Behold thy Mother, faithful one.'

In mystery deep He thus implied  
Th' espousals of the Virgin Bride,  
Nor, Virgin-born, impair'd the claim  
Of Virgin-Mother's sacred name.

Deep mystery, which to faith reveal'd  
With heavenly wonders Jesus seal'd,  
Yet would not faithless man believe,  
Though who believeth, he shall live.

Yea we believe God born on earth,  
A holy Virgin's spotless Birth,  
Who bare the sins of earth away,  
Now with the Father reigns for aye.

## Hymn for Sext.

*Bis ternas horas explicans.*

Now twice three hours the sun hath told,  
And now the height of Heaven doth hold,  
When twice three more his course hath run,  
The night will fall, the day be done.

O let us then, true brethren we,  
Of Psalmist's precept mindful be,  
Our lips unlock in strains of joy,  
In prayer and chant our hours employ.

These seven full times in every day  
With holy Psalter let us pray,  
To God in due returns of praise  
Our cheerful hymns and anthems raise.



'Tis thus that Christ doth sinners heal,  
Thus doth His grace their pardon seal;  
Who breathe confession's constant breath,  
They shall not know a sinner's death.

Yet, who to God would pray aright,  
And live, His servants in His sight,  
The Apostle's vow and saying deep  
Must ever in remembrance keep.

High his reward who thus could pray,  
Who thus to God in truth could say,  
"I'll pray the Lord with spirit true,  
"I'll pray with th' understanding too."

Not voice alone to God must sing,  
While flits the soul with fluttering wing,  
All wandering far, all wavering wide,  
The sport of every wayward tide.

Then will our God our vows receive,  
To prayer and chant His blessing give,  
When the pure spirit's inmost string  
Re-echoes what the tongue doth sing.

## Hymn for Vespers.

*Deus, Creator omnium.*

CREATOR of the starry pole,  
God of all worlds that o'er us roll,  
Who deck'st the day with beauteous light,  
In kindly slumber wrap'st the night,

That sleep th' ungirded limbs once more  
May suppler to their toil restore,  
Worn heart and weary spirit soothe,  
And care-knit brow of sorrow smoothe.

Our praises, now the day is done,  
Our prayers and vows, now night draws on,  
To Thee, lost sinners' Help and Stay,  
In this our tuneful hymn we pay.

Thee may the heart's deep music ring,  
Thee the full voice in concert sing,  
To Thee chaste love's affection soar,  
Thee the unclouded soul adore.

So, when the night, in gloom profound  
The short-lived day hath shrouded round,  
Bright Faith that darkness ne'er may know,  
That night to Faith all-radiant glow.

The soul in constant vigil keep,  
Let sin alone within us sleep,  
Let Faith, o'ersheltering Angel, shed  
Cool balm o'er slumber's reeking head.

From eye-sight's wandering glance set free,  
Be the heart's heart entranc'd in Thee,  
By terror from unearthly foes  
Unstartled from that blest repose.

O Christ, O Sire, and Spirit Most High  
Of Sire and Son, dread Trinity,  
In Thy One Name's all-hallowing might  
Thy suppliants bless and keep this night.

## Compline Hymn for the Nativity.

*Salvator mundi, Domine.*

O SAVIOUR of the world forlorn,  
This midnight, Lord, to save us born,  
Thy servants through this night defend,  
And save us always to the end.

Be with us now with pardoning Eye,  
And spare Thy suppliants as they cry,  
Cleanse Thou our every sin away,  
Turn Thou our darkness into day.

Let not dead sleep our senses seal,  
Nor Satan o'er our spirits steal,  
Nor this frail flesh, we Thee implore,  
With aught of ill be spotted o'er.

To Thee, Who makest souls anew,  
From very heart of hearts we sue,  
That with pure minds and free from stain,  
We from our beds may rise again.

To God the Father in the height,  
And to the Son True Light of Light,  
And Holy Spirit, all glory be,  
Now and through all eternity.

## Compline Hymn for Lent.

*Christe, Qui Lux es et Dies.*

O CHRIST, That art the Light and Day,  
Who shed'st through night Thy searching Ray,  
Who Very Light of Light art known,  
And Heaven's own Light to earth hast shewn ;

All-holy Lord, to Thee we bend,  
Thy servants through this night defend,  
O grant us, Lord, in Thee to rest,  
Our night with quiet slumbers blest.

Let not the sleep of death oppress,  
Nor deadly foe our souls possess,  
Nor yielding flesh consent within,  
To make us in Thy Presence sin.



Let but the eyes light slumber take,  
The heart to Thee be aye awake,  
Be Thy Right Hand upheld above  
Thy servants resting in Thy love.

Our Sun and Shield, behold from high,  
Bid all the powers of darkness fly,  
Thy servants guard and guide for good,  
The purchase of Thy precious Blood.

Remember us, dear Lord, we pray,  
In this frail body's laggard clay,  
Who dost th' immortal soul defend,  
Be with us, Saviour, to the end.

To God, th' Eternal Three in One,  
To Father and Co-equal Son,  
And Holy Ghost, all glory be,  
Now and through all eternity.

## Compline Hymn for Passion-tide.

*Cultor Dei, memento.*

CHRISTIAN, ever keep in mind  
Thee the Font for Christ's hath sign'd,  
Thee the Holy Blood bedew'd,  
Thee the Holy Chrism renew'd ;

Ere thy head, at close of day,  
On thy pallet chaste thou lay,  
On thy forehead and thy breast  
Be the Cross, dread sign, imprest.

Darkness 'self the Cross shall fright,  
Every sin shall put to flight ;  
Hallow'd thus the wavering will  
And the troubled heart are still.

Far far hence, dark phantoms, fly,  
Haunting dæmons, come not nigh;  
Ever waiting to betray,  
Arch-deceiver, hence, away!

Serpent, with thy thousand coils,  
With thy many-winding wiles,  
With thy deep mæandering arts  
Ruffling calm and quiet hearts,

Hence,—for Christ, yea Christ is here,  
At His token disappear!—  
Lo, the sign thou well hast known  
Bids thy cursed crew be gone.

Though the body listless lie,  
Clos'd awhile the weary eye,  
Yet the soul in very sleep  
Shall with Christ her vigil keep.

To th' Eternal Three in One,  
Father and Co-equal Son,  
King of kings, and Spirit Blest,  
Endless glory be addrest.

## Compline Hymn for Easter.

*Jesu, Salvator sæculi.*

JESU, the world's Redeeming Lord,  
Of Sire most High Co-equal Word,  
Of Light invisible true Light,  
Thine Israel's Keeper day and night,

Thou Framer of the world so wide,  
Who dost the times and seasons guide,  
Our limbs with daily toil opprest,  
Refresh at night with quiet rest.

Meek suppliants, Lord, Thy help we crave,  
Thy servants from the tempter save,  
Let not his arts avail to steal  
The souls Thy saving Blood doth seal.

So, while in darksome house of clay  
Through life's brief night Thy pilgrims stay,  
Our flesh in Thee may sweetly sleep,  
Our souls with Thee their vigils keep.

We pray Thee, Lord of Heaven and earth,  
In this our joyous Paschal mirth,  
From every weapon death can wield,  
Thine own redeem'd, Thy people shield.

Be Thou, O Lord, for ever prais'd,  
Who from the dead this Day art rais'd,  
With Sire and Spirit, One God and Lord,  
From age to age for aye ador'd.

## Advent and the Nativity.

AT VESPERS, OR COMPLINE.

*Veni Redemptor gentium.*

COME, Blest Redeemer of the earth,  
Shew to the world a Virgin Birth ;  
Let all the wondering ages know  
What Birth beseems our God below.

Not of the seed of mortal race,  
By mystic Breath of heavenly Grace  
The Word of God in Flesh array'd,  
True Offspring blooms of Mother-maid.

The Virgin bears the burthen pure,  
And Ever-Virgin doth endure,  
Like pennons bright her graces shine,  
And God is in His hallow'd shrine.

The Bridegroom from His chamber springs,  
Meet palace of the King of kings ;  
True God True Man in Person One,  
Like giant glad His course to run.

From Sire in Heaven He goeth forth,  
To Sire in Heaven returns from earth,  
Descending e'en to Hell's abode,  
Ascending to the throne of God.

Eternal Sire's Co-equal Son,  
Thy fleshly girdle gird Thee on,  
The frailty of our mortal plight  
To strengthen with immortal might.

Full brightly shines Thy manger-bed,  
And night herself new light doth shed,  
A light o'er which no night shall close,  
Aye bright to faith as when it rose.



To God the Father, in the height,  
And to the Son, True Light of Light,  
And Holy Ghost, all glory be,  
Now and through all eternity.

## Hymn on the Nativity.

AT LAUDS.

*A solis ortus cardine.*

FROM where the rising sun goes forth,  
To where he spans the utmost earth,  
Proclaim we Christ our King, this morn  
Of Mary Virgin-Mother born.

All climes unite in common voice,  
Judea, Rome, and Greece rejoice,  
Thrace, Egypt, Persia, Scythia now,  
To One sole King's dominion bow.

All, all, confess your Lord and King ;  
Redeem'd and lost, His praises sing ;  
Health, sickness, life and death, adore,  
All live in Him, they die no more.

His beauteous portal, full of grace,  
Is hallow'd for the King to pass,  
The King doth pass, the folded door  
Abideth folded as before.

Son of the Father's might Divine,  
Proceeding from His Virgin shrine,  
Maker, Redeemer, Bridegroom, He  
The Giant of His Church shall be.

Of Mother-maid the Light and Joy,  
Of all believers Hope most high,  
He the dark cup of death shall drain,  
Ere He unloose our guilty chain.

Fair Stone, cut out from mountain-height,  
Filling the world with grace and light,  
Whom by no hand of mortal hewn  
The ancient sages had foreshewn.

'Tis done, what herald Angel said,  
He the True Word, True Flesh is made,  
A Virgin Birth of Virgin womb  
Virgin of Virgins Christ is come.

The skies have shed the Dew from Heaven,  
Th' outpouring clouds the Just One given,  
Earth's open lap receives the Birth,  
And brings the Lord the Saviour forth.

Oh 'twas a wondrous travail there  
When Him the Christ the Virgin bare,  
So bare the Birth, the Offspring pure,  
As Ever-Virgin to endure.

Let every soul arise and sing,  
That He hath come, Redemption's King,  
Lord of all lands, in Flesh array'd,  
To save the souls Himself hath made.

Creator He of all the race,  
For whom creation hath no place,  
Hath found, chaste Mother, where to dwell,  
Hath shrin'd Him in thy sacred cell.

Whom Sire most High, when time was not,  
God Very God of God begot,  
The bosom chaste of Mother mild  
In time doth bear a new-born child.

He all our sins shall take away,  
He holiest gifts to earth convey,  
The empire swell of joy and light,  
The powers of darkness quench in night.



## Epiphany.

*Illuminans Altissimus.*

Most Highest, Who dost kindle bright  
Yon starry orbs of sparkling light,  
Peace, Life, and Light, and Truth, look down,  
Jesu, from Heaven Thy suppliants own.

Whether this day, as twice of old,  
The streams of Jordan backward roll'd,  
When there Thy mystic Presence stood  
To hallow Thy Baptismal flood.

Or in the sky Thy glittering star  
Thy Virgin-Birth proclaim'd afar,  
And on this morn the sages led  
To worship at Thy manger bed.

Or in the urns with water fill'd  
Thy power the luscious wine distill'd,  
And he that bare the water knew  
Whence sprang the draughts he never drew.

Beheld the waves with crimson dyed,  
Tranc'd into wine the crystal tide,  
The very element aghast  
Into another nature pass'd.

Thus when Thy hand five thousand fed  
With those five loaves of broken bread,  
E'en in the lips of them that ate  
Thou didst the growing meal create.

By its own waste th' exhaustless store  
Increas'd and multiplied the more,  
Nor wonder ye, such sight who view,  
These springs should flow exhaustless too.

Bread through the hands that break it pours,  
Streams out like Heaven's spontaneous showers,  
Fragments unbroke, untouch'd supplies  
Around them like the waters rise.



## Lent.

*Clarum decus jejunii.*

FAST's honour bright from Heaven came down,  
By Heaven itself to earth was shewn,  
When Christ, sole Author of all good,  
To hallow fast abstain'd from food.

For this was Moses dear to Heaven,  
His law by God to Moses given :  
'Twas this that wing'd through ether far  
Elijah in his fiery car.

This lions' mouths to Daniel seal'd,  
And heavenly mysteries reveal'd,  
By this the Bridegroom's friend was known,  
By this the lov'd disciple shone.

Grant us to follow these, O Lord,  
True patterns they of frugal board,  
Strength for like high resolve increase,  
Cheer with like inward joy and peace.

## Passion-tide.

*Rex Christe, Factor omnium.*

OH Christ, our King, Who all hast made,  
The ransom for believers paid,  
As with meet praise to Thee we bend  
Thy mercy on Thy suppliants send.

For Thou art He Whose grace benign  
Through healing Cross's wounds divine,  
With mighty struggle rent in twain  
Our first forefather's thralling chain.

Thou Who the starry host didst make,  
A covering mean of flesh didst take,  
To undergo in love didst deign  
This vilest form of bitterest pain.

Yea, Thou wert girded to unbind  
The shackles strong of lost mankind,  
Thou didst by Thy reproach efface  
Sin-laden earth's ingrain'd disgrace.

Fix'd to the Cross for sinners' sake  
Earth to its centre Thou dost shake,  
Thou dost Thy mighty Spirit yield,  
And Heaven and earth in night are veil'd.

Now thron'd a Conqueror in the height,  
Resplendent with the Father's light,  
Beneath Thy Spirit's shielding wing  
Thy servants keep, All-Gracious King.

## Palm Sunday.

*Magno salutis gaudio.*

LET age to age Hosannas sing,  
Glad shout of health and praise,  
Now Jesus comes, Salvation's King,  
Th' expiring world to raise.

Six days the Paschal night before  
At Bethany He arriv'd,  
Where, in His love, now three days o'er,  
He Lazarus reviv'd.

There Mary took of spikenard sweet  
The precious pound and good,  
Embalm'd her Master's Blessed Feet,  
And with her tears bedew'd.

Then Jesus, Judge of Heaven Supreme,  
On ass's colt He sate,  
And on to proud Jerusalem  
Advanc'd in solemn state.

O tender love how marvellous,  
More wondrous meekness yet !  
That earth's Creator deigneth thus  
On ass's colt to sit.

'Twas He the Seer's clear spirit eyed,  
And thrilling voice foretold,  
When " Daughter, rise and shout " he cried,  
" Shout, Sion, and behold ! "

" Thy King doth come, yon lowly One,  
" Fear not, Behold the sign,  
" On foal of ass He rideth on,  
" Meek, patient, and benign."

From tender palm the gathering throng  
The new-cut branches bring,  
With olives green they haste along  
To meet th' Immortal King ;

Before, behind, in concourse run,  
And in the Spirit's might,  
"Hosanna" cry, "to David's Son  
Hosanna in the height."

Some strip them of their garments gay  
To deck the royal road,  
Some with bright flowers bestrew the way  
As less unmeet for God.

At His approach with thrill intense  
The trembling city rang ;  
But Judah's golden innocence  
His worthiest praises sang.

O let us thus run forth to greet  
Th' Almighty Judge and King,  
And bearing palms of glory meet  
With childlike spirit sing.

All honour, might, and sovrantry  
To God Triune in Heaven,  
To Father, Son and Spirit be  
Eternal glory given.



## Hymn on the Martyrs.

*Æterna Christi munera.*

TH' unfading crowns by Christ bestow'd,  
The conquests of the martyrs' blood,  
Let us for these due praises bring,  
With grateful hearts the martyrs sing.

Bright champions of the Churches they,  
Crown'd chieftains of th' unearthly fray,  
Of court celestial soldiers bright,  
Of earth a burning shining light.

The terror of the world subdu'd,  
The anguish of the flesh withstood,  
By martyrdom's compendious pain  
An everlasting life they gain.

The martyrs to the flames are borne,  
By fangs of cruel monsters torn,  
The torturer fierce with savage look,  
Plies his rude hand and murderous hook.

Their vitals hang, all open spread,  
Their hallow'd life-blood round is shed,  
Unmov'd they stand, unmov'd endure,  
In grace of endless life secure.

Theirs is of saints the faith intent,  
Of trusting hearts the hope unspent,  
Christ's charity, with perfect glow  
Laying the world's fell tyrant low.

In them the Father's glory bright,  
In them the Spirit's will and might,  
In them the Son's true joy abounds,  
O'er them all Heaven with joy resounds.

Thee, Blest Redeemer, Thee we pray,  
With that Thy Martyr band this day  
Thy servants join, who Thee adore,  
In spirit now and evermore.





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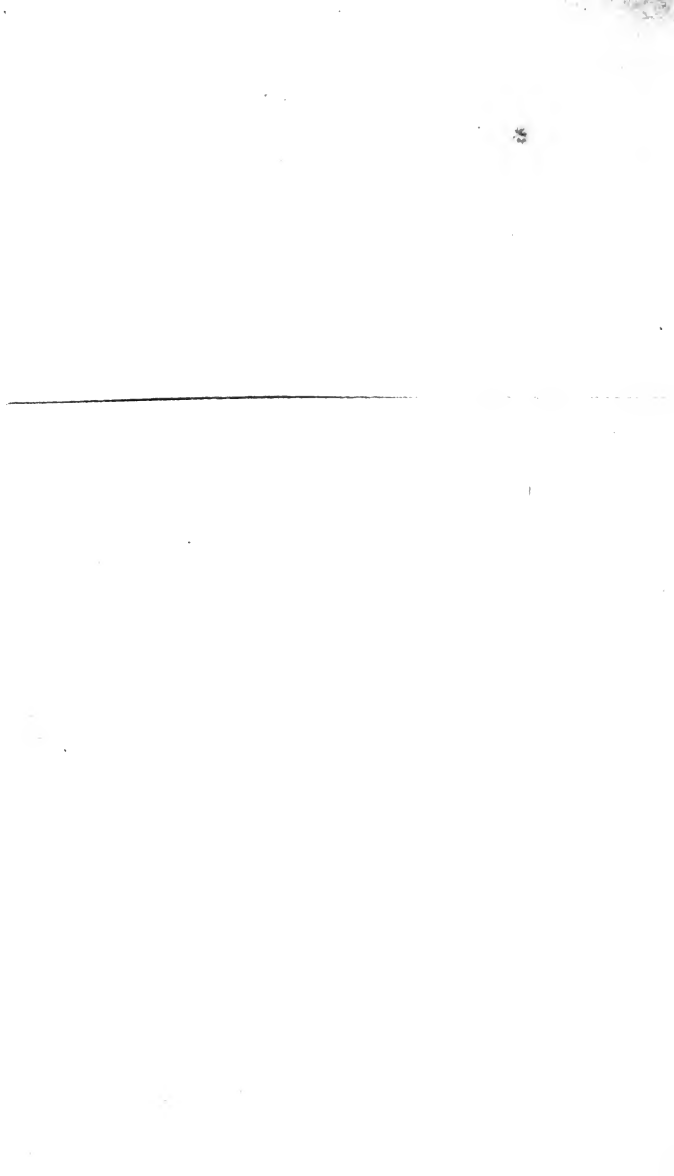
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